

Get Thrown

Bun B

Smoke somethin', bitch
UGK, hold up, talkin' bout, uh Pimp C P.A. Trill nigga
Polo fuck that Hilfiger
Made myself a ghetto star
On the slab, sippin' barre Smokin' weed, sellin' white
Them other niggaz shit don't come back right
That's how niggaz get popped
Tryin' to get the cheaper price Watch yo' paper, guard your life
'Cause most these niggaz ain't livin' right
Keep yo' pistol, fuck a fight
'Cause niggaz out here jack every night
I keep my mind on my money, nigga, fuck the fame
Big face hun'ers keepin' the game
Hittin' the corner in the candy thang
Sittin' on leather, grippin' the grain Good weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwed Well, I came in the door, I said it befo'
I never fuck a hoe without head no more
I never pull up in nuttin' less than a four
And I smoke cigars, it ain't just for the show I'm blessed from the do' and known for my stidile
I send a nigga, baby mamma home with a smidile
You can have the bitch, nigga, I ain't sentimental
I smoke weed and freestyle over an instrumental
Been out, lived through the wicked streets of P.A.
Motherfuck the judge, prosecutor and the DA
Head to the H where the hoes will fuck three way
Two way, four way, anyway the Pro say Never hear a hoe say, "No, I won't
No, I can't stop it and no, I don't"
'Cause a bitch know that I might just explode
And slap her in the face with a pie a la mode
'Cause a nigga gettin' throwed Good weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwed Good weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwed You already know what it is, nigga
Snowman, 165 a piece, nigga USDA
I grind hard, grind hard and play harder, play hard
Break out the pot, heat up the water Swear to God, the minivan do tricks
Hit the bricks hit the lions and wow, there go them bricks

Slide through the hood sittin' on some big wheels
Niggaz coppin' white and turn flips like
cartwheels
Trapstar, my NexTel chirp all day
Ridin' dirty, three nines and a four way
Good weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwed
So far I'm tourin' on foreign land
Worldwide, I'm known for the Arm & Hammer
Murder the streets I'm a wanted man
But the flow's like dope so it's on again
Started with the block, hit it brick by brick
Then I charted with the ROC nigga, hit by hit
I'm retarded with the glock nigga, clip by clip
The competition is none, they deceased to exist
Let it breathe a little bit
He's off his rocker, he's a lil schitz'
Roll like a football, Hov' used to cook raw
Now I got the game sewn like granny's good shawl
Sure, y'all niggaz want war
Y'all got it backwards, y'all should want raw
Y'all should want more and more, and more, uhh
Good weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
I handle my business so I think
I deserve to get throwed, throwed
Good weed, good drink, big money, we
Rollin' in somethin' foreign, I'm leather grippin' grain
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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